

2/ 7518 11630.b.8 16
O D E
T O
B R I T A N N I A.

(For the Year 1780.)

O C C A S I O N E D B Y

Our late S U C C E S S E S.

B Y

R O B E R T A L V E S, A. M.

E D I N B U R G H:

Printed for WILLIAM CREECH.

M, DCC, LXXX.

[Price SIXPENCE.]

ns



O D E

T O

B R I T A N N I A.

I.

AT last Britannia wakes to war,
And sounds the dread alarms ;
No more she sits in dumb despair,
With downcast eyes, and folded arms :
She starts at once from trance profound,
And shakes the shining spear, and meditates the wound.

II.

See from SAVANNAH's thundering shores,

The Gallic squadrons fly !

See perch'd on OMOA's topmost towers,

The Power of Victory !

She waves her wings of flaming gold,

Her robes of crimson bright ;

She eyes afar the years of old,

That led forth Britain to the fight ;

A thousand hosts to conquest led,

With Heroes thundering at their head :

On Cressy's, Poictier's fatal day,

How did the din of battle bray !

At Hochstet's walls, on Minden's plain,
What groans of foes! what hills of slain!
Return, ye glorious years, return, return again!

III.

Yes they return: DALRYMPLE's noble fire,
And noble deeds the mighty truth can show!
See MAITLAND, Mars himself, inspire,
At once our wonder and our woe!
See him the great, the gallant die,
But first his country's bonds untie!
See him (the timely aid convey'd) *,
Contented number with the dead!

B

* It appears evidently, from all the accounts which we have received of the repulse of the French at Savannah, that this success was owing

As fate itself had doom'd to fall

Another Wolfe at Quebec's wall.

O'er both their country's genius mourns,

In heart-felt tears—and smiles by turns,

That other heroes yet can shine,

Nor those the least of Scottish line ;

Smiles while they die, and dying raise

Their country's honour, and eternal praise.

IV.

Yet war, and all its dreadful shew,

Britannia's foul can hate ;

owing not only to the timely aid brought by Colonel Maitland, but to that firmness with which his presence inspired the British counsels. And, although his services have been mentioned with so much coldness by the commander in chief, his country justly ascribes to him the safety of the Southern army.

She only asks the vengeance due,
And points the stroke of fate.
Justice and Heaven befriend her cause,
To quench rebellion's flame ;
Till back to liberty and laws,
The wretched she reclaim.
Vain then, to rebel—madness join'd,
The rage of Bourbon fierce combin'd,
To shake our steadfast Isle ;
She hears the murmuring billows rise,
And tofs and thunder to the skies,
And hears them with a smile.

V.

Ill fare the Gaul's ambitious aim,

Ill fare the restless foul,

That o'er the globe, like madding flame,

Bids war and tumult roll !

On peaceful plains how better far,

To hear the distant din of war,

To wield the spade, to guide the plough,

To work the fleece of golden glow ;

Bid Arts and busy Commerce pour

Their liberal gifts from shore to shore ;

To teach the peasant's heart to smile,
 To ease the wretch's pang a while:
 Till want, and pain, and poverty are fled;
 O Gallia! yet be still; or learn to dread
 Heaven's awful vengeance on thy guilty head.

VI.

Hail to a * sister kingdom's joy,
 Hail to her favour'd fails,
 That now can seek the pole, or fly
 To Asia's verdant vales!
 Uncheck'd can court, with roving wing,
 The fragrance of the eastern spring;

C

* Ireland.

Touch Afric's shores, or bolder sweep
The bosom of the Atlantic deep ;
O'er all to bid her commerce shine ;
Or bid it, England, rival thine :
These, these are blessings worthy GEORGE's reign,
They reach the throne, and reach the simple swain,
And all are bound in Commerce' golden chain.

VII.

By Heaven ordain'd to rule the seas,
Far as the winds can blow ;
To waft our trade in every breeze,
In spite of every foe ;

While Concord now unites our hearts,
And flourish arms, and flourish arts ;
Let Glory still our souls excite,
To thunder in the naval fight ;
Join all our hands, our treasures join,
'Gainst Europe's scourge, the Bourbon line;
With still-increasing strength prepar'd,
Of warrior-ships, our surest guard, .
Till, on a thousand decks, with sails unfurl'd,
We ride the masters of the western world.

VIII.

Thus, Albion, know thy native might,
Thus rule the globe below ;
Till proud Iberia drop the fight,
And haughty Gallia bow !
Then wide, as where the Atlantic rolls,
Thy rebel sons shall bend their souls,
And own thy force divine ;
While truth and virtue guard thy throne,
And generous freedom rules alone,
The world, the world is thine.

F I N I S .



